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# Lost Girl



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## Chapter 1 by bookworm2102

The door to my bedroom shut, light creeping underneath the crack of the hinges. I didn't want tomorrow to come.

Tomorrow, I had to grow up

.

My name is Grace. Grace Darling. I'll be 13 tomorrow, and I'll be sent off to a boarding school for girls who are nuisances to their families. Mother and Father think I am an annoyance, so off I go!

I leapt off my bed, and towards the window seat, which was wide open, the breeze swaying the curtains.

"...I don't wanna go..." I whispered to the star-speckled sky. "I-I wish there was something I could do. Something where I wouldn't have to grow up. Somewhere, Something, Someone, Anything that would help me escape reality." I murmured. "Please." I turned my back to the ledge, and walked silently back to my bed.

Just as pulled the covers over my head, I heard the patter of feet on my carpet, and then nothing.

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I sat up, and my gaze fell on a boy staring back at me, a mischievous grin spread across his face.

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"I heard wanted to escape?"

I screamed.

"WHO ARE YOU?!?!!!!"

## Chapter 2 by Akeila Haynes



**\*"Peter Pan, That's what they call me."\***

I rubbed my eyes in disbelief, I had heard of world wind tales before . You know the sort where children got whisked away in the dead of the night to some where magical, where they never had to grow up . Best of all there were no mothers' and fathers' to annoy . Clearly he was here for me , my heart raced staring him dead in the face my pulse quickened as he offered every thing I so desperately wanted.

"So... Grace , do you ? "

His words heavily laced with mischief , "want to escape?" his words trailed off .

This had to be a prank , a trick of some sort not 20 minutes after I prayed to the heavens he materialized, out of no where offering me every thing I wanted . Usually if it sounds too good to be true it must be .

"Yes I do !" Trying to sound strong, mean while moving clear across my room , one could never be too careful with a random guy, magical or not.

"Peter , I can call you peter can't I ... What is it to you ? "

Still near the foot of my bed he chuckled "I can help ." So many questions raced my mind could I actually do it ? how did he hear me ? is he always eavesdropping on my wishes ? why didn't he help before now?

making my mind ,almost like I do my bed , I chose "yes ,peter help me to escape."

Chapter 3 by PurpleZebra



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I gulped, "Yes. I have." The thought of sinister Captain Hook scared me; maybe I didn't want to go after all. I couldn't decide which was worse, Captain Hook or Boarding School where I'm already labeled a nuisance.

Peter continued, "Well I fought him generations ago. Your name, Darling, you've heard the stories of Wendy Darling haven't you?"

I nodded and he continued, "Believe it or not that's your Grandmother. You have quite her spirit. Your mother hated the stories, and the idea of Neverland and shut it out of her life, which is why you've never heard this before." I was wide-eyed and gaping, I opened my mouth and shut it multiple times finding nothing to say.

"Anyways Captain Hook has a sidekick that has become quite a problem. She started acting up soon after Hook died. Her name is Scarlett Hook. She is more dangerous than Hook. She once was a princess of fairies but as fairies are devoted to good, that didn't quite suit her. I've been looking for someone who has at least a tenth of your Grandmother's strength, and now I've found you." Wow, great way to make me feel better knowing I only have a tenth of my Grandmother's strength. "But you don't have just a tenth of her strength you have 3 times her strength, bravery and cunning."

"Thank you." I said astonished, "Do you really think I could take Scarlett on?"

## Chapter 4 by Superwrite



"Yes because together we'll be unstoppable."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"Wait, how are we going to get there?"

He turned his head and grinned at me, "You **told** me you'd heard the stories. I'd expect you to know."

"Know what?" I asked confused.

"That we'll be flying." He told me in a matter of fact tone, a wide, mischievous grin spreading across his face.

"How?" I asked him, my confusion growing rapidly.

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"Neverland is off towards that star on the right!" Peter told me and I steered right. When we passed the star Peter said, "We're here." We landed and Peter led me to the hideout, "You **have** heard of Tinkerbell haven't you?" I nodded. "Well her daughter Rosabell is with us in the resistance against Scarlett. The resistance consists of you, me, Rosabell, and two younger boys Matthew, and James, we're not alone in the resistance against Scarlett.

"Are there any other fairies?" I asked.

"We don't know if the fairies are with us yet." He said with an air of finality.

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